

# ANIMAL COMICS

10¢  
NO. 1





**WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM**



## *Ambition*

When I grow up  
I know what I'll do.  
I'll buy myself  
A great big zoo!  
With a houseful of monkeys,  
A camel or two,  
A zebra with stripes  
And a queer kangaroo.  
There'll be lions and tigers  
And fat wooly bears,  
And hippos and rhinos  
And leopards by pairs.  
I'll have Angorra rabbits  
And Africon hares,  
And proud strutting peacocks  
Aputting on airs.  
And I'll put up a sign  
For the kiddies to see,  
Saying "Come and have fun!  
Everything's free!"

*W. B. C.*

# ALBERT TAKES the CAKE

Once there was a big old Alligator named Albert who loved chocolate cake.



One bright morning Pogo the possum discovered that it was his birthday.



And when Mrs. Jay heard the news, she told Bumbazine, the little boy who lived on the edge of the swamp.

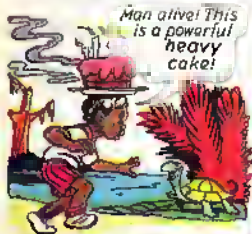
**BUY WAR SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS**



Bumbazine decided to bake a chocolate birthday cake for his friend Pogo. So he took flour and water and salt and pepper and sugar and molasses—



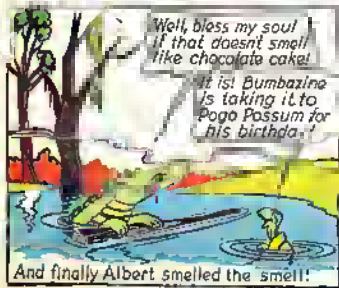
and three chocolate bars and a piece of bacon rind. He mixed them all together and baked the mixture into a cake.



When it was all done, Bumbazine hurried off to Pogo Possum's house.



And though it was a heavy cake, it had the most beautiful smell that the swamp creatures had smelled in a blue moon.



And finally Albert smelled the smell!



Congratulations on your birthday, Pogo!

Thank you, Beetle!

Pogo was receiving greetings from his neighbors.

Hi there, Pogo! I'm coming across on this log!

Oh, hello, Bumbazine! I didn't recognize you in your new hat.

when he heard Bumbazine hailing him.

This isn't a hat! It's a cake and it's for you, because today is your birthday!

Gosh—look out, Bumbazine! That's not a log, either!

Ow! It's Albert!

Not so fast—Bumbazine!

Pogo, give me that cake or I'll eat Bumbazine!

Yum-yum!



Don't eat Bumbazine because that is me!

Now you're caught too, Pogo! Looks like this is going to be quite a meal!



Now, I'll eat Pogo first, then Bumbazine, and for dessert I'll eat this beautiful and delicious chocolate cake with candles!

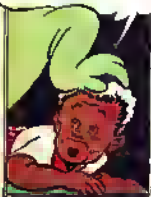


Oh, don't eat me first—I don't deserve the honor. Besides, I had crabapples, pickles, persimmons, lemons and fourteen cups of vinegar for breakfast—so I would sour up your whole dinner!



Then I'll eat Bumbazine first!

Oh, no, I still have on my winter underwear and I'll just itch up your insides—How would you get in there to scratch?



Waah—but I can't eat the cake first—that's dessert!

But all the best people eat dessert first nowadays, Albert! Don't cry!

Sure—even the Queen of France said "Let 'em eat cake!"





Well, in that case I'll just eat this chocolate cake first!



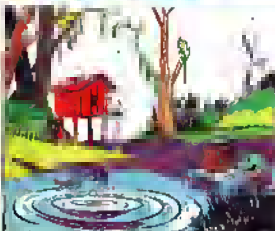
I've been poisoned!

That must have been the heaviest cake you ever baked Bumbazine!

That's the only cake I ever baked!



I'll catch you both! You can't feed me a cake made out of cement!



But the cake was so heavy that it pulled Albert to the bottom and there he stayed for a week.

That was the finest birthday cake I never enjoyed, Bumbazine!

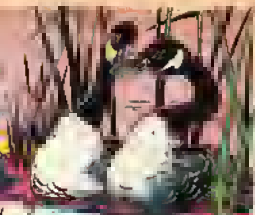
(I knew you'd make good use of it, Pago!



So Pago and Bumbazine celebrated the birthday in peace.



# KATONKA FLIES NORTH



As morning light broke over the wilderness marsh, Katonka, the big wild gander, joined his mate. In soft, throaty speech he told her it was time to leave.

Ho-o-onk!

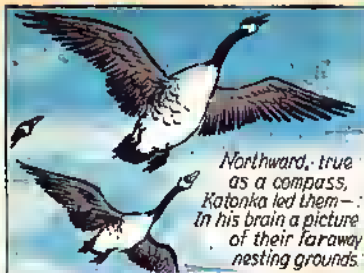
As leader of the flock, he sounded the rally call — a single bugle note.



With strong wings beating and webbed feet churning the water, the leading pair took off.

Once in the air the flock turned shouting the joy that swelled their wild, free hearts.





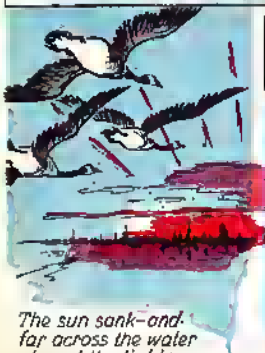
*Northward, true  
as a compass,  
Katonka led them—  
In his brain a picture  
of their faraway  
nesting grounds.*

*Far behind lay the warm  
bayous where they had spent  
the winter—below them spread  
the woods and fields of Maryland.*

*Ka-tonk-a-tonk!  
Kee-tonk!  
Ka-honk!*



*Now the  
ocean rolled  
beneath the flying V,  
but the wings of Katonka's  
tribe were tireless.*



*The sun sank—and  
far across the water  
glowed the lights  
of a great city.*



*Suddenly the city's glow  
blackened out—in its place rose  
the white beams of searchlights.*



Swiftly from the east came the  
roar of bombing  
planes.



From  
the seaport  
rose speedy fighters,  
their motors snarling.



Airplanes were nothing  
new to Katonka. Unhurried,  
he led his flock  
through the throbbing air.



All at  
once a storm of fire  
burst about the  
wild goose flock.

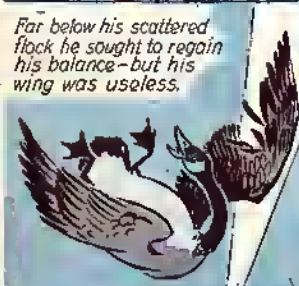
Katonka felt a numbing shock in  
the muscles of his right wing.  
His strong flight  
faltered.



Rah-  
honk!

His  
hoarse  
cry of despair  
was drowned by  
hammering  
gunfire.

Far below his scattered  
flock he sought to regain  
his balance—but his  
wing was useless.



What's that,  
Sarge?



It might be a  
man, shot down  
from—no, it's  
a bird!



What kind  
of a bird,  
Sarge—is  
it dead?

It's a wild goose,  
Rooney—caught  
by a stray  
bullet. I'll take  
him to the  
post.

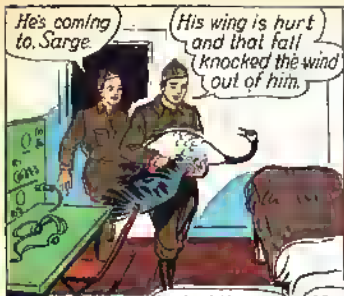


He's coming to, Sarge.

His wing is hurt and that fall knocked the wind out of him.

Hold him tight till I finish this bandage, Rooney.

Okay, but I think you're crazy, doing this—we've gotta get back to those radio phones!



Regaining his senses, Katonka finds himself a prisoner in a strange place.

Look at the way he thanks us! You'll never make a pet of him!

You think so, Rooney? Well, just to prove you're wrong, I'll do it!

Sergeant Bain reporting—enemy planes retreating to the east!

Hs-5-5-5  
ss-s!



His wild breast filled with rage, Katonka hisses a challenge at his captors' backs.

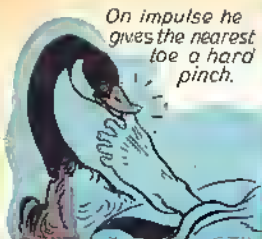
A pet gander will make this little island less lonesome—I used to raise geese on my farm... Goodnight, Rooney

Night, Sarge—call me at midnight!

Toward midnight Private Rooney's toes wriggle out of the blankets. Katonka watches them fixedly.



On impulse he  
gives the nearest  
toe a hard  
pinch.



Yow!  
Somethin'  
grabbed me!

Nightmare, my eye!  
That cussed wild  
goose nearly  
amputated my toe!

Can't blame him!  
You probably  
twiddled them  
in his face!

It's time for my watch  
at the phones, anyway.  
But tomorrow night  
that gander  
sleeps out-  
doors or I do!



Rooney's right, old  
boy! You belong  
outside, and this  
is the safest way  
to move you



I'll tie you up till that wing  
heals and you can fly north  
again. Before that we  
should be friends!



Hah-  
h-n!



How-how! How's it feel  
to get nipped Sarge?  
Such a gentle  
little pet!

That's just his  
wild sense of  
humor-but I'll  
tame him yet!



Cornflakes and  
milk make a  
pretty good  
breakfast,  
eh, boy?

Within a few days  
Katonka learns  
to trust his soldier friend.

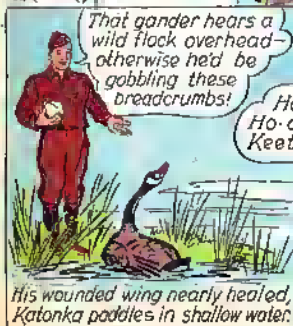


The  
Sergeant  
finds he  
can share  
a cracker  
without risk  
to his nose.



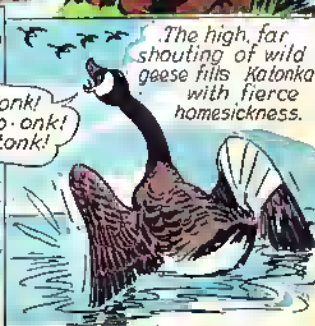
You win, Sarge-  
that bird's a real  
pet-but I still  
wouldn't  
trust him  
near  
my toes.

Tomorrow I'll stake  
him out in the  
marsh-he'll be  
happier near  
the water



That gander hears a  
wild flock overhead-  
otherwise he'd be  
gobbling these  
breadcrumbs!

Honk!  
Ho-o-onk!  
Keetonk!



The high, far  
shouting of wild  
geese fills Katonka  
with fierce  
homesickness.

His wounded wing nearly healed,  
Katonka paddles in shallow water.





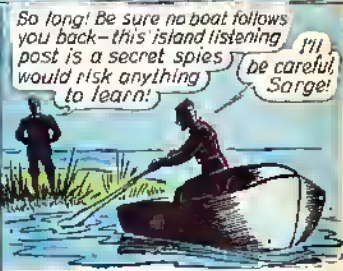
*Ho-o-onk!  
Katonk!*

*Again and again his call  
from the island but the  
V drives straight ahead.*



*Hello, Rooney! I'd  
forgotten this  
was to be your  
night on shore.*

*I'll have an  
easy trip—  
the sea is  
calm tonight.*



*So long! Be sure no boat follows  
you back—this island listening  
post is a secret spies  
would risk anything  
to learn!*

*I'll  
be careful,  
Sarge!*



*As the Sergeant  
returns to his  
post, Katonka  
begins feeding  
under  
water.*



*He feels with his  
bill for the tender  
root-buds of the  
marsh weeds*



*As he rests, full fed, a  
stealthy swish of oars  
catches his ear.*

A dory with three men glides silently  
toward the island's marshy shore.

Were aground—  
follow me,  
and make  
no noise!

But are you  
sure the listening  
post is on this  
island Tauber?

How can I be sure? That  
soldier Dooney died  
without talking. But  
this is our last  
chance to  
find out.

Ya, the air  
raid will  
come to-  
night.

This time  
there  
must be no warning  
when our bombers  
approach the city.

As the spies wade past Katonka's  
hiding place, a man's foot jerks  
the line tied to the  
gander's leg.



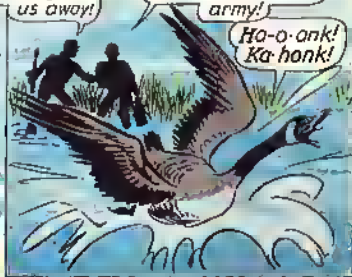
Hs-s-s-  
s-s-s!

With a hiss of anger,  
Katonka strikes back!

Stop, Tauber!  
A gunshot now  
would give  
us away!

Bah! That yammering  
goose has made enough  
noise to wake an  
army!

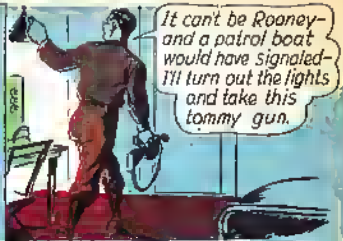
Ho-o-ank!  
Ka-honk!



Something's wrong-  
I never heard  
Katonka whoop  
so loud!



It can't be Rooney-  
and a patrol boat  
would have signaled-  
I'll turn out the lights  
and take this  
tommy gun.



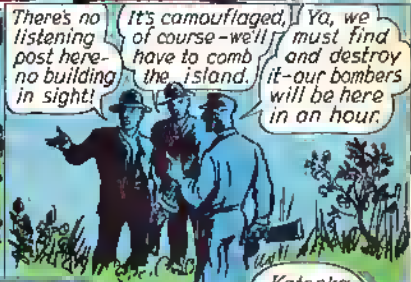
I hear voices-  
talking in  
German!



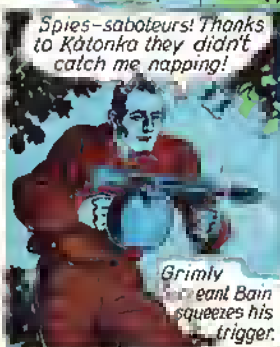
There's no  
listening  
post here-  
no building  
in sight!

It's camouflaged,  
of course-we'll  
have to comb  
the island.

Ya, we  
must find  
and destroy  
it-our bombers  
will be here  
in an hour.

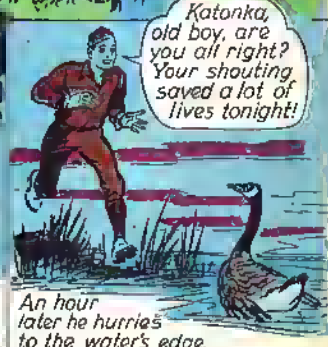


Spies-saboteurs! Thanks  
to Katonka they didn't  
catch me napping!

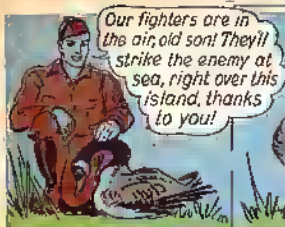


Grimly  
Bain  
squeezes his  
trigger.

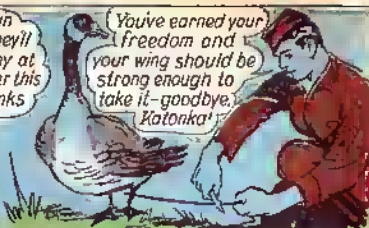
Katonka,  
old boy, are  
you all right?  
Your shouting  
saved a lot of  
lives tonight!



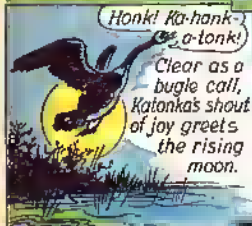
An hour  
later he hurries  
to the water's edge.



Our fighters are in the air, old son! They'll strike the enemy at sea, right over this island, thanks to you!

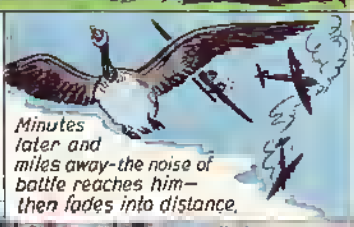


You've earned your freedom and your wing should be strong enough to take it—goodbye, Katonka!



Honk! Ka-hank! a-tonk!

Clear as a bugle call, Katonka's shout of joy greets the rising moon.



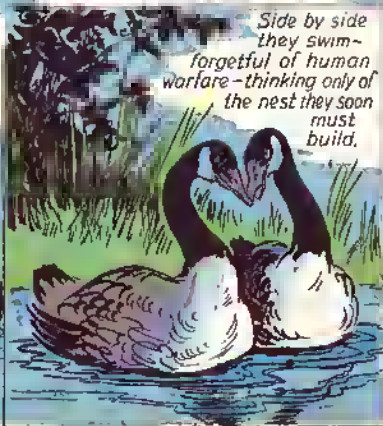
Minutes later and miles away—the noise of battle reaches him—then fades into distance.

Late the next day a lake in the far wilderness of Quebec echoes to Katonka's glad call—and from the surface his mate's voice replies!



Honk! Ko-tonka!

Kee-honk! Kee-honk!



Side by side they swim—forgetful of human warfare—thinking only of the nest they soon must build.

# PIGGY PRANKS

Hullo, Bobby!  
Guess what I have  
under my coat?

Ooh! Tell  
me, Pa, is  
it alive?

One morning  
when Bobby  
Dunn is eating  
breakfast,  
his father  
hurries in  
from the barn

A pig! A teeny-  
weeny pig!  
Where'd you  
get it, Pa?

His mother  
just died - so  
you'll have to  
bring the baby  
up, Bobby.

Wee-wee-  
week!

And here's  
his little  
sister - don't  
drop her!

Two little new-  
born pigs! Oh,  
boy!

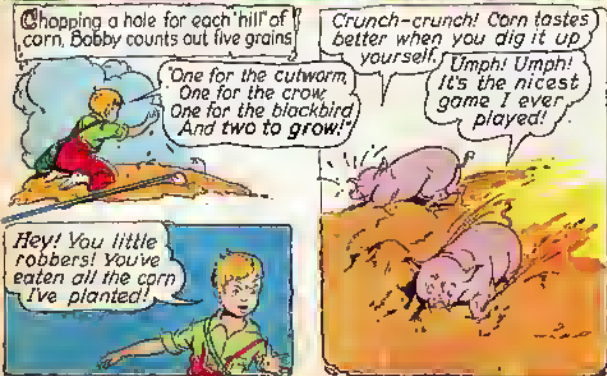
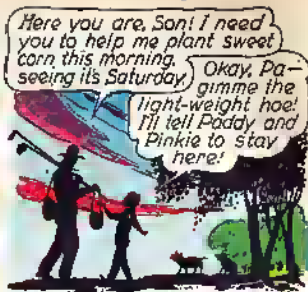
Eee-ew! Gree-e-ek!

I'll call 'em Paddy and  
Pinkie; and I'll take such  
good care of 'em that  
they'll take prizes at  
the County Fair!

Under  
Bobby's  
care the  
piglets  
grow like  
weeds,  
and  
never  
miss their  
mother.

C'mon - empty your  
bottle, Pinkie! Paddy's  
almost finished  
his.

Oink! Oink!





Clear out! Beat it before I  
get mad and skin you!  
Go on home!

Ee-oink!  
Unk-unk- ee!

I guess Bobby must have  
gotten tired of that game.

Who cares? Look  
at that garden his  
mother has just  
planted!

There's nothing  
like soft dirt  
to root in!

Uh-huh! Even when  
there isn't any  
corn in it!

Oh, you awful little villains!  
Oh, my poor flowers!

Take that! And you'll get  
worse if I ever catch you  
in my flower beds again!

Ow-ee-eeek!

Woink!

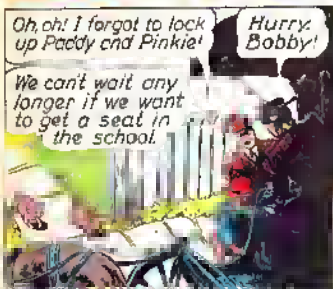




At last comes the final day of school with Bobby taking a big part.

Have you got your essay?

I've got it—in my pocket!



Hurry, Bobby!

We can't wait any longer if we want to get a seat in the school.



Bobby can follow us across-lots on foot—it isn't far that way.



Come, pig, pig, pig! I'll put you in the woodshed.

Oink?  
Wunk, wunk!



There! I guess you can't push that door open!

O-o-o-oink?

See that hole, Pinkie?  
Betya I can make it  
big enough to crawl  
out of!

I'll help you—it's  
no fun staying  
here!

How's it coming,  
Paddy?

Not so bad—  
the ground's  
pretty soft!

It won't be long now!

Br-r-r-r! That  
loose dirt  
tickles!

Let's see where  
Bobby went!

You pigs! I might have  
known it!

Dienki! Eee-unk!

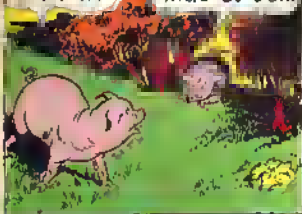
Gwan! Scram!  
Home with you! I  
don't want you  
to follow me—  
understand?

We'll wait till he's out of  
sight across the brook.

We'd better  
wait longer  
than that—he  
sounded  
kinda mad!

He's been gone  
ten whole  
minutes now—  
what're you  
afraid of?

We-ell, if you're  
sure he's  
forgotten all  
about being  
mad at us...



Yainks! Come  
in, Pinkie—the  
water's swell!

Eeeenk  
It makes  
me feel  
all silly n  
splashy!



I bet he's inside that  
house

We'll go and  
see—the door's  
open!



....and so, by feeding  
my orphaned pigs on  
baby food, I raised  
them both....

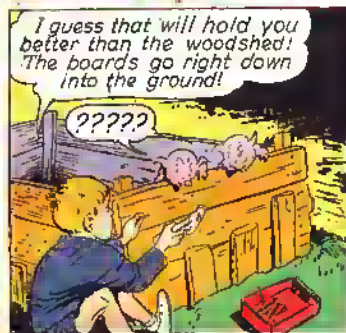
That's Bobby's  
voice—let's  
go in!

He doesn't  
sound mad  
now



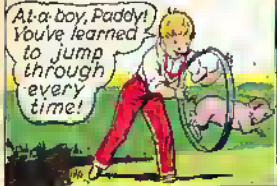
Look! Pigs! Just as  
Bobby was telling  
about them—  
haw-haw!



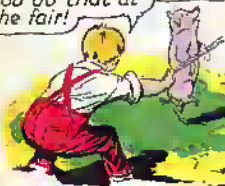


As the County Fair time approaches, Bobby gets the idea of training his pets to do tricks.

At-a-boy, Paddy!  
You've learned  
to jump  
through  
every  
time!



Walk, Pinkie! That's good!  
Just wait till the folks see  
you do that at  
the fair!



So long, Paddy and Pinkie—  
see you tonight!

Shucks! You talk  
to those pigs  
like they were  
human, Bobby!

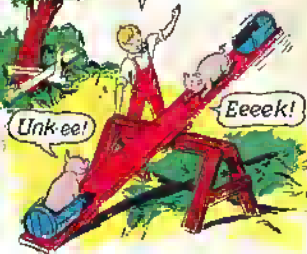


Yunk-yunk!

Ee-yunk!



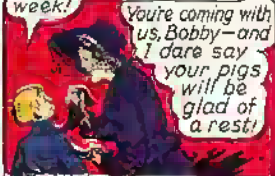
Paddy—get back! You're  
coming too far!



Unk-ee!

Eeeek!

Do I have to go visiting Aunt  
Mamie with you, Ma? I'd  
rather stay home and train  
my pigs—the Fair is next  
week!

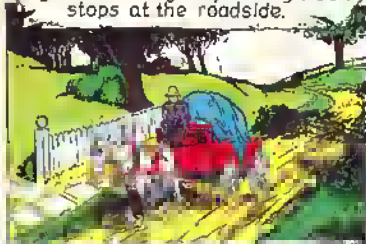


You're coming with  
us, Bobby—and  
I dare say  
your pigs  
will be  
glad of  
a rest!

Well, they're the next  
thing to human, aren't  
they, Ma



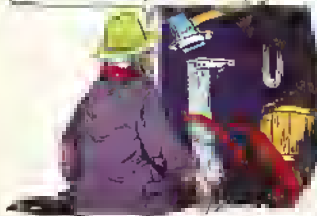
**B**obby and his parents have barely gone when a junky looking truck stops at the roadside.



Hallo! Anybody home?



Huh! There's a new plow I could sell for good money!



A plow, a new axe and a good saw—and next them two pigs!



Pigs is hard to identify—and easy to sell in the next town!

Ai-ee-eenk!  
Ee-ee-yunk!

In vain  
Paddy  
and  
Pinie  
kick and  
squeal.



**W**ith the two frightened pigs muffled in bags and old blankets, the truck drives away.



Many miles away, the thieving junkmen stops at a prosperous-looking farm.

Say, Mister, you want to buy some nice pigs, bargain price?

Maybe, if the price is right. Let's see 'em.



The price is six dollars apiece—and they're worth eight—I'll show you.

You can dump 'em out inside a box stall.



See, didn't I tell you? Them pigs would take prizes at the County Fair!

O-oink!



All right, I'll take four dollars—seein' it's cash money—but I'm makin' you a present, Mister!



I'll give you four dollars apiece for 'em, and not a cent more—take it, or leave it!

No! It's robbery! Them pigs is worth twice the money.



Hmmm—that junk peddler gave me an idea... Maybe I will show you little rascals at the County Fair next week!





Looks like the Fair's going to be bigger than ever this year, Bobby!

I don't care about the old Fair—I just want to find my pigs!

Well, here's the hawg section. I sure hope you find em, Son!

I could pick Paddy and Pinkie out of a thousand!

They're not in this pen—

There they are, Pa!

Which ones? They all look pretty much alike to me.

Here, Pinkie! Here, Paddy! You know me, don't you?

Unk-ee!  
Unk-unk!  
Oink-ee!

And I'll get my own pigs back!

You're right, Bobby—anybody can see those pigs know you. I'll find the manager of the Fair and we'll prove it to him!

Yep, I bought those two pigs from a junkman for \$400 apiece, Mr. Dunn. I'll sell them back to you for the same price—if you can prove ownership!

Okay, we'll prove it!

As manager of this fair, I'd call that a fair proposition, haw, haw!

Here's your eight bucks, Mister—I guess you're satisfied whose pigs they are now!

Pigs walking on their hind laigs! It ain't possible!

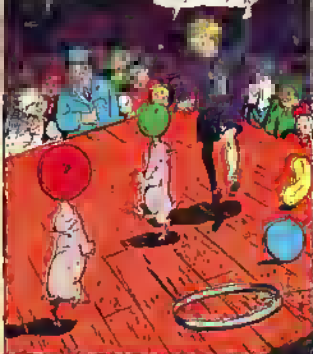
Up, Paddy! Up, Pinkie! Walk right around me!



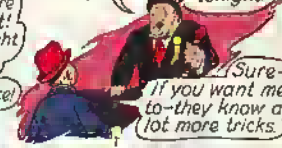
Look at that balancing balloons on their noses!

I never knew pigs could be so smart!

Yea-a-y! Keep it up!



Listen, Bobby, will you put on a public show with your two pigs tonight?



Bobby Dunn, the judges have awarded your two wonderful pets these blue ribbons and a cash prize—for being the best and only animals in their class.

Oh, boy! Paddy and Pinkie will be proud of that!




Bobby sounds awfully happy. Paddy Do you think those blue ribbons are extra tasty?



Mmm! Just watch—and if he starts to eat 'em, we'll ask for a bite!

That night, before cheering crowds, Bobby puts his pets through their stunts.

# Right of Way



This old den in the wall is vacant, Violet—how would you like to live here?

I don't know yet, Snuffy!

When the warm spring sunshine touched the pasture lots, two newly mated skunks began looking for a home.

...I'll have to see what it's like inside!

There's plenty of ventilation through those cracks!

There's too much, Snuffy! When our babies come they'd be apt to catch cold!

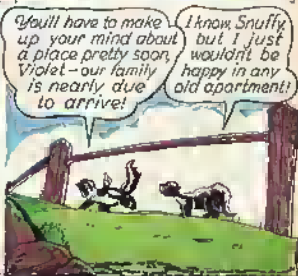
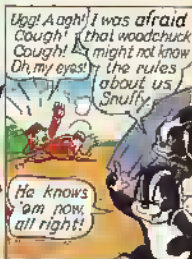
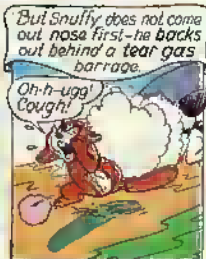
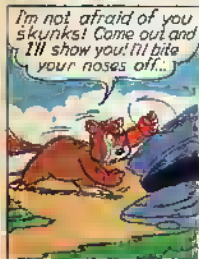
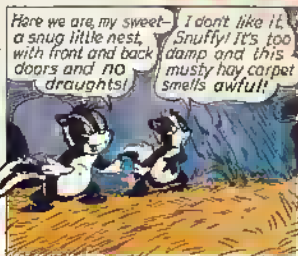
There's a woodchuck hole in the next field—that might suit you better!

We'll take a look at it!

It's just the other side of this juniper bush.

But what if the woodchuck is at home?

# Right of Way



# Right of Way

I've never been this far, Snuffy—do you think everybody will give us the right of way here?

Oh, yes—especially the big people who walk on their hind legs!

Ah-eee! Two skunks!



You see, Violet? I told you so!

It's wonderful to be so respected by everyone you meet!

Let's see what's on the other side of this hedge!

You lead the way, Snuffy.



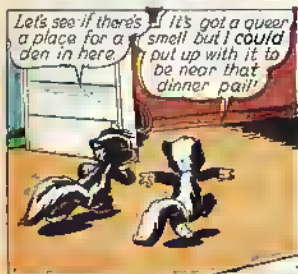
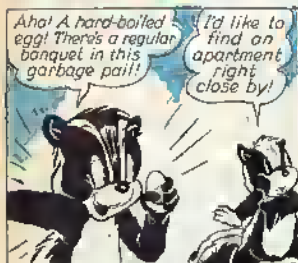
Mmmm! I smell something delicious!

It's in that can by the door!

Oh-oh! So that's the way it works!



# Right of Way





# Right of Way

The skunks enter an unused attic over the garage

Sniff-sniff! I don't think anybody has been in here for a long time! It smells better than downstairs!



I like this place! It's dry and roomy with lots of cozy, dark corners!

Not bad! Not bad! at all!



Oh, what a wonderful, soft, warm bed! This is where we'll make our nest, Snuffy! Our little ones can come now, any time!



Aren't they beautiful babies, Snuffy?

Yes—but I didn't know they were going to be so tiny and helpless!



A few days later, four baby skunks arrive.

I'll go down to the garbage pail and find you something extra nice, Violet. You stay with the infants.



Let me see—there's cold beans and half a peach, two orange skins and—here it is! A pork chop!



With the pork chop gripped in his teeth, Snuffy returns in triumph.

Uffle guff wuff!



THE BEST INVESTMENT IN THE WORLD



# Right of Way

Good old garbage pail—it never fails!

And such excellent variety—something different every day!

For the next month the Skunk family live the life of Riley, undiscovered by the owners of the house.

One morning the little skunks find a bag of marbles—and roll them till the attic echoes.

What on earth is that noise in my attic—it can't be rats...

The rumbling of marbles wakes Judge Martin in the adjoining room.

I'll soon find out....If it's squirrels, I'll put a cat in there and scare 'em away!

Ee-yow! S-Skunks!

# Right of Way

G-Go right ahead, my little friends— the house is yours!

Hmm! I guess he knows the rules!

Wasn't he nice to invite us in, Snuffy?



The Judge's housekeeper gets a shock.

Aw-wki! Skunks in the house!



Help! They're coming after me!

Hannah, what is it— oah—skunks!



Just give 'em right of way and they'll let you alone.

I'm thankful they're going not coming!

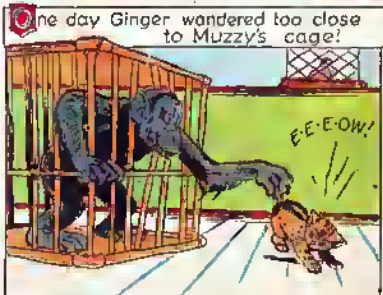
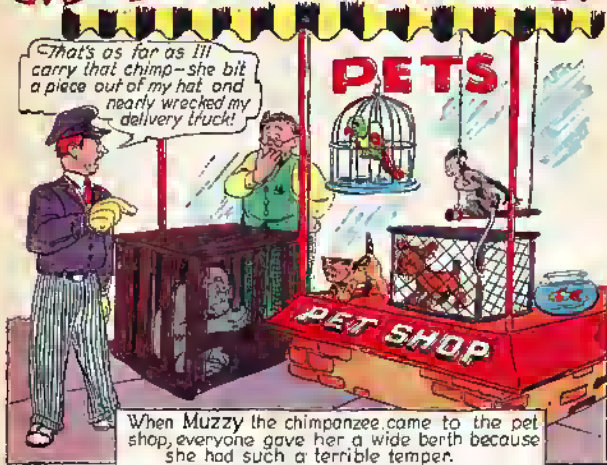


The air is so lovely and fresh, Snuffy! Let's find a nice cool summer house where the children can play out of doors!

How about that den in the old stone wall?



# MUZZY and GINGER



Don't be alarmed, little kitten—you remind me of my own baby that was taken from me!

And you seem more kindly than you looked—we'll be good friends!

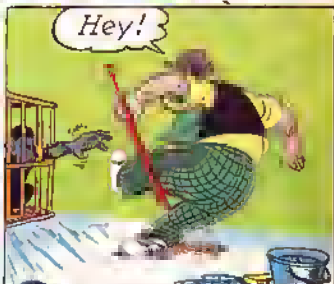
See here! You, Muzzy—let that kitten go!



Don't you dare harm our little Ginger!



Hey!



Help!



Ouch!

Gangway!



Gee, Ginger, I was just fooling- but he tripped backwards!



Quick-we'll hide under this!



But does hidin' in here do any good, Muzzy?

Well, an ostrich friend of mine thinks it works every time!



You say you were thrown out of there by a dangerous chimpanzee?

Yes, but put that cannon away-the beast is caged.



Well, goodnight-I guess you two will get along all right.



And off went the owner, leaving a spilled box of matches on the floor.



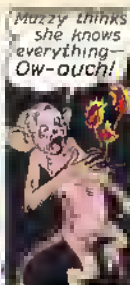
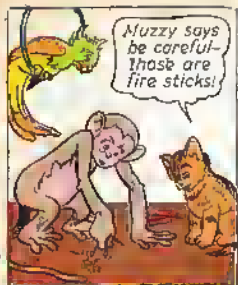
Look! Funny little sticks!



Be careful, Ginger!



2119





Why—you're not a dangerous gorilla, are you?



The firemen put the fire out quickly, but not before it had burned a huge hole in the floor of the pet shop. The owner arrived and saw that Muzzy's cage had burned to a crisp.

See, the remains of the cage fell through to the basement—and Muzzy and Ginger are the only animals that are missing!

Well, they're goners if they were in that cage!



Everyone believed that Muzzy the chimp and Ginger the kitten had perished in the pet shop fire. That is, everyone except Ginger and Muzzy.

Gally, Ginger, I'm glad we escaped from the burning pet shop, but now I'm hungry.



Those people on the bench have a bag of food!

Okay, Homer—you said you could imitate a squirrel and call it to you—go ahead!



When it comes, I'll feed it this popcorn!

Go away, cat—I'm calling squirrels! Go on—beat it—scat!

What a way to call squirrels—hee, hee! That cat made a monkey out of you, Homer!





Yes, sir, Homer - that kitten made a monkey out of - ah - you - you are you, aren't you, Homer?



Help! Help!  
Homer - Homer!  
**HALP!**



Quick - in the park - my sweetie is at the mercy of a ferocious gorilla!



Pssst, now - I'll spring out when it comes by - and here it comes - the ugliest gorilla I have ever seen!



**Halt!!** You ugly gorilla!



Great scott - that's my sweetie!

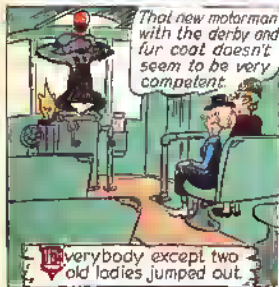


They've seen us now, Muzzy - you'll have to step on it!





The street car ran down hill out of control.



Everybody except two old ladies jumped out.



Can't you go anywhere to get out of traffic these days?



I told you! we should have taken an umbrella!



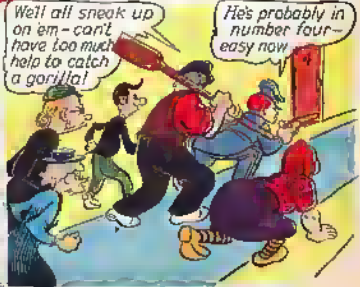
This branch leads up to that open window, Ginger—let's go!

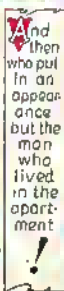


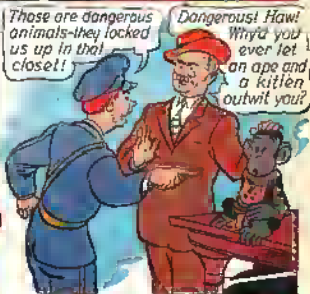
I want some milk!



Meanwhile, outside



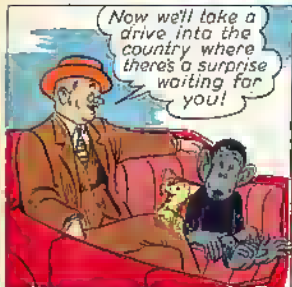




Finally the chimp and the kitten were sold and all the people who had been chasing them grew friendly. Their new owner packed Ginger and Muzzy off to his automobile.



Now we'll take a drive into the country where there's a surprise waiting for you!



There's your new home, Muzzy and Ginger—plenty of room to play!



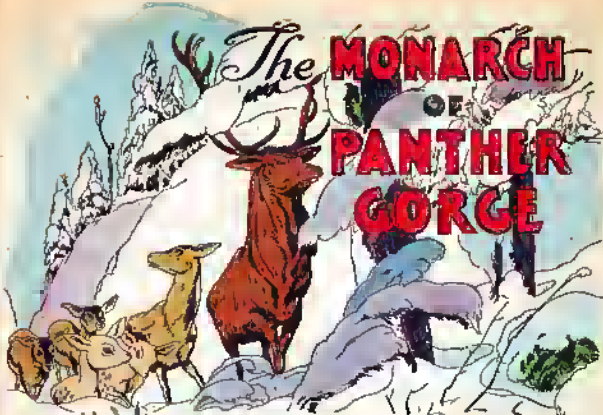
Hello, children—here are Ginger the kitten and Muzzy the chimpanzee—they'll be good friends if you treat them kindly and I know you will!

Oh boy! It's Doctor Atkins with some new pets for us!

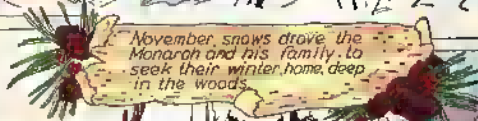


So Muzzy and Ginger found a happy home with the children and many a good time they all had together.







# The MONARCH OF PANTHER GORGE



November snows drove the Monarch and his family to seek their winter home, deep in the woods.



Wiser and stronger than any in the Sawtooth Range, the buck deer feared no enemy that he could reach with his twelve-lined antlers.



Between the sheltering rock walls of Panther Gorge he made his winter 'yard'—where young birch, maple and spruce twigs furnished tender twigs for food.



## THE MONARCH OF PANTHER GORGE



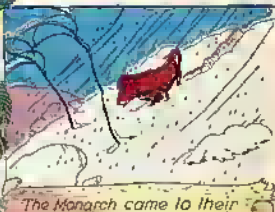
With the coming of the new year the Monarch lost his mighty antlers—one dropping off first.



But although he had lost his crown, he felt no shame—The next summer he would grow a new one, after the fashion of all bucks.



In February the snow rose high above the deer-ward's well-trodden paths. It was harder and harder for the does and fawns to get food.



The Monarch came to their rescue, breasting down the high snow walls—breaking new paths to the farther food-trees.



But more snow fell—and still more—covering the young twigs. Finding less to eat, the deer grew very thin.

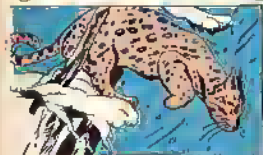
## THE MONARCH OF PANTHER GORGE



Even the Monarch's great muscles were weakened by hunger and the bitter struggle to reach food. It was a cruel winter.



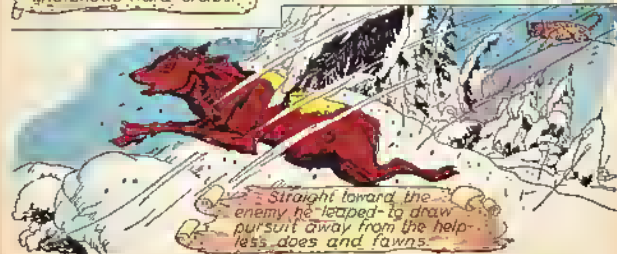
In March a tawny panther came down from the starving North. He was the first panther to visit Sawtooth in twenty years.



Sniffing the warm scent of the Monarch's herd, he bounded forward over the snows hard crust.



A wandering breeze carried the big cat's musky smell ahead of him. The buck caught it and barked a warning.



Straight toward the enemy he leaped to draw pursuit away from the helpless does and fawns.

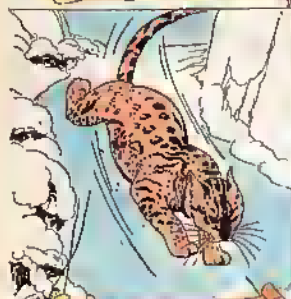
## THE MONARCH OF PANTHER GORGE



Like a huge, yellow cannon ball, the panther sped after him.



Around the turn of a path the Monarch played his trick—leaping sideways into another path.



The panther raced on down the empty white corridor.



It was not the Monarch he found around the next bend, but a doe and her hunger-weakened fawn—two easy victims!

## THE MONARCH OF PANTHER GORGE



In blind terror, the fawn flung himself into the deep snow at the intersection.



As her baby floundered helplessly, the doe turned at bay.

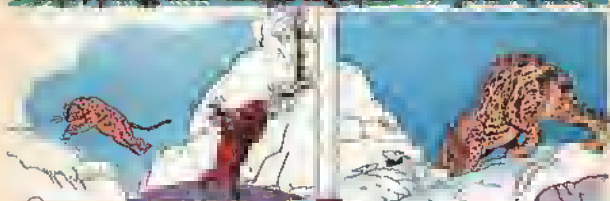


Fiercely she faced certain death—a lion's courage in her mother's heart. The panther crouched to spring at her.



While the cat hesitated, his chance was gone. The Monarch dropped beside the doe—seemingly from the sky.

## THE MONARCH OF PANTHER GORGE



In such a narrow path the tawny killer dared not face those chopping hoofs—dagger sharp with three hundred pounds of fury behind each blow.

Instead, he planned to leap from the high snow wall upon the Monarch's defenseless head.



It was then that Game Warden Burke saw the panther from the gorge's rim.

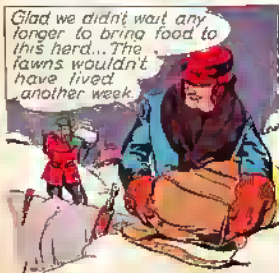
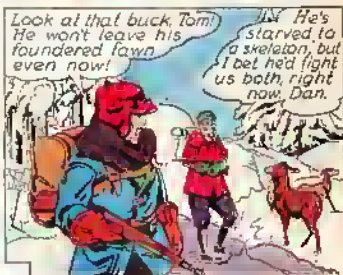
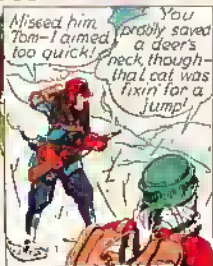


Flame spurted from the rifle's muzzle—a swift snap shot.



With a hoarse scream the big cat turned to bite at his bullet-burned haunch.

## THE MONARCH OF PANTHER GORGE





## THE MONARCH OF PANTHER GORGE

If these cakes don't draw the old buck away from the fawn, you'll have to toss your pack basket at him, Tom.

I hate to lose it, but I guess I'll have to!



Here, you fire-eater—take your "mad" out on my basket while Don Burke digs your fawn free!

Kah-kah!



The springy basket jumps and rolls like a living thing under the buck's attack. For a moment the fawn is forgotten.

Hey! You old rip-snorter, don't you know your friends yet?



There you ugh-are, deer-mama! Take your baby and tell him not to play in the deep snow any more!



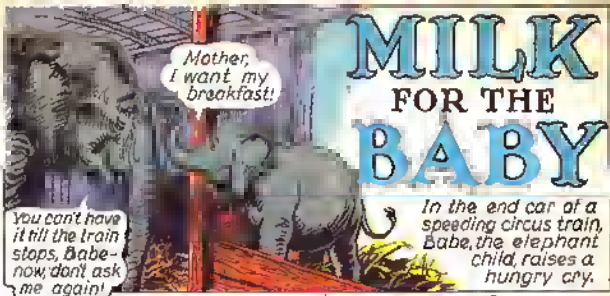
He's still standin' on your pack, Dan—proud as a king!

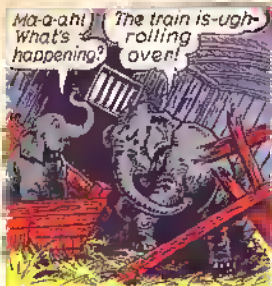
He can keep it, Tom! I wouldn't risk his royal temper trying to rescue that basket. No sirree!



Before Burke can retreat the buck drives at him

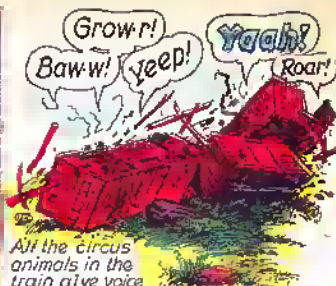






Ma-a-ah!  
What's  
happening?

The train is-ugh-  
rolling  
over!



Growr!

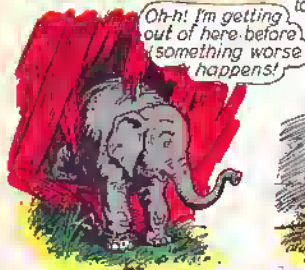
Baw-w!

Yeeep!

Yeah!

Roar!

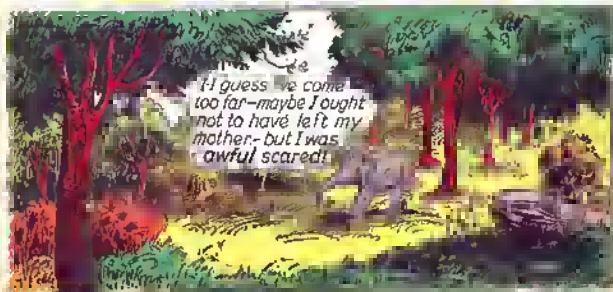
All the circus  
animals in the  
train give voice  
to their fright.



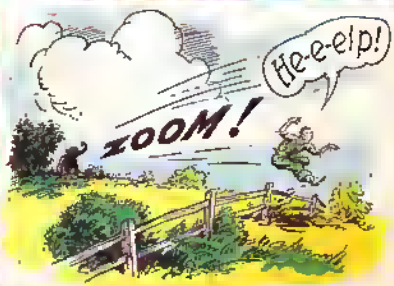
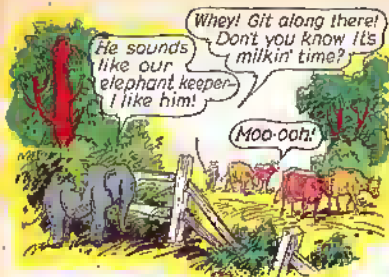
Oh-h! I'm getting  
out of here before  
something worse  
happens!



I'm getting just as  
far away as I can!



I-I guess we come  
too far-maybe I ought  
not to have left my  
mother-but I was  
awful scared!

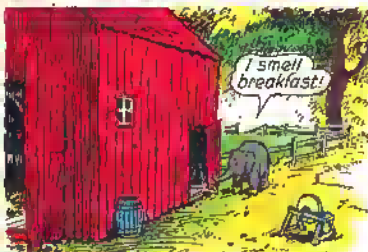


Puzzling over the hired boy's actions, Babe follows the cows to the barn.

I wonder why he yelled like that? What was he afraid of?



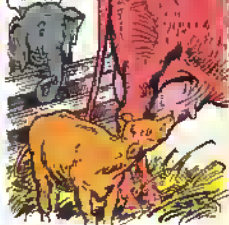
Ernie-ee! Open the back door for air—it's hot as an oven in this barn!



I smell breakfast!

Cautiously Babe opens the door at the other end of the cow barn.

Oh-oh! There it is!

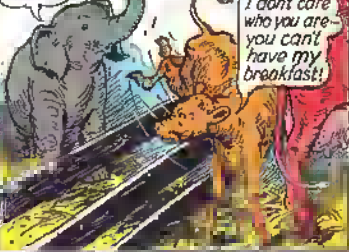


Please, ma'am—can't I have some milk, too? I'm just awful hungry!

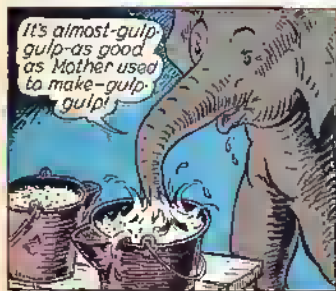
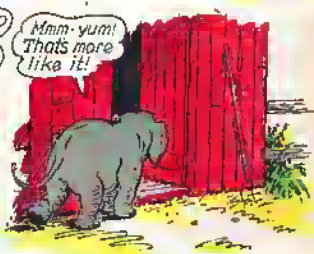
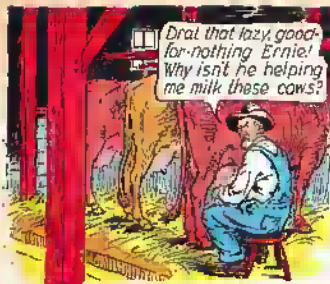
What under the sun—who are you?



Owie!

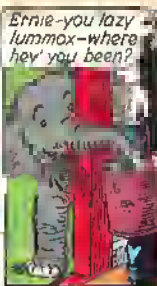


I don't care who you are—you can't have my breakfast!





Hey, Mr. Walker  
D-Did you see any-  
thing queer  
when the cows  
came in

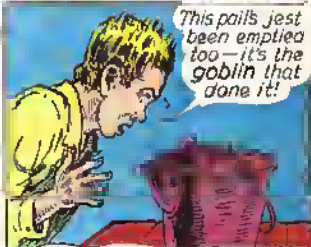


Ernie-you lazy  
lummock-where  
hey' you been?



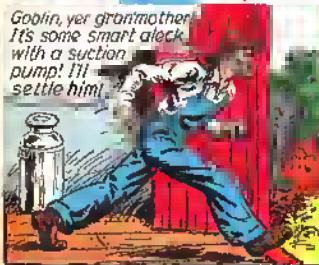
I been runnin'! An  
awful, long nosed  
goblin-critter snuk  
up behind me in the  
pasture an' tried to  
choke  
me!

Be you half-witted-thinkin' I'd  
swallow a story like that-I-uh-  
S-say! This here pail was full  
half a minute ago...



This pail's jest  
been emptied  
too-it's the  
goblin that  
done it!

Ah-glugg!



Goblin, yer gran'mother!  
It's some smart aleck  
with a suction  
pump! I'll  
settle him!





Yee-ow! Run fer yer life!

THUD

O-oops!  
I t-told  
yuh s-so!

If only we can g-git  
to the house before  
he k-ketches us!

Run! Don't talk!

We made  
it!

SLAM!

Cyrus Solon Walker!  
What ails you? Yer  
white ez a  
sheet and  
covered with  
milk!

I'm gonna phone the  
State Perlice to come  
on 'git him-if they  
can!

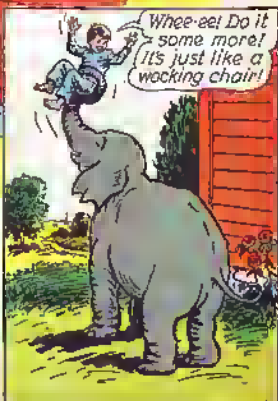
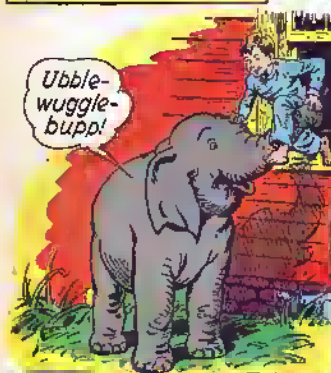
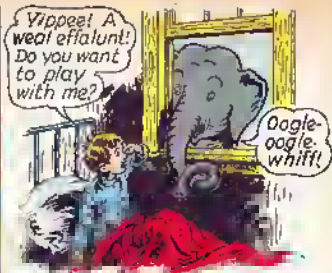
Did you git a  
good look at  
the critter, Cy?

No, I didn't-  
but if I see him  
again, I'll sure  
let him have it  
right through  
the window!

He ain't  
comin' yet!

There's a  
goblin out there-  
I never believed  
in 'em before,  
but he mighty  
near drowned  
me in milk!

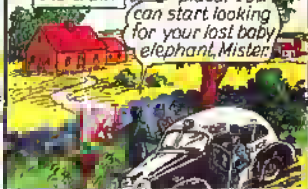
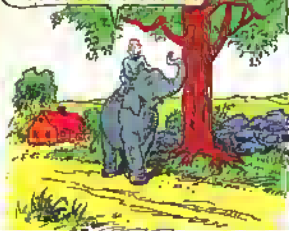




Giddap, Effalunt! We'll go for a wide o'round the farm!

A few minutes later the police arrive with the elephant keeper from the train

Here we are—Cy Walker's place. You can start looking for your lost baby elephant, Mister.



I'm sure glad you're here, officers! at long-nosed goblin critters been raisin' hob around here!

Did it look like an elephant?

That's the "awful goblin" that scared you, Mr. Walker!

It wasn't as big as an elephant— all I seen was an awful long nose and big ears on!

There he comes, now!



Sonny Boy! Come down from that beam this minute!

Hey, Pa! See my waid widing effatunt!

Come on, Sonny, you're scaring your Ma out of her senses!  
But I want to wide some more!

Awer-I guess I didn't take time ter see what he was!

..but he ought to have some breakfast-could you sell me a pail of milk for him, Mr. Walker?

Milk? Why, you pesky smart aleck-think I wanna git plastered again?

Babe's as tame as a kitten...

He's a vewy nice Ma!

Bah!

He's crazy as a cockroach!

Now, what do you know about that?

I don't like that man-he made me waste half my breakfast!

HELP KEEP AMERICA STRONG

A.B.C

3 R's

$2 \times 2 = 4$

cat  
dog

$\frac{6}{1} + \frac{1}{1}$

### *A Matter of Intelligence.*

I have a group of little friends,  
Who mean a lot to me,  
And I think they are very bright,  
As smart as they can be.

To hear folks say that they are dumb  
Just makes me want to fight.  
"Dumb Animals" they call them  
And I don't think it's right!

There's nothing dumb about my dog,  
He's clever, through and through.  
My pony has a lot of sense.  
So has my kitty, too!

Of course they do not **talk** a lot,  
They hardly **say** a word,  
But when folks claim that they are dumb  
It really is absurd!

They do not **have** to say a thing  
To make **them** understood.  
Of all the **people** that I know,  
There's none of them **that** good!

-A.B.C.



# ANIMAL COMICS

10¢  
EST. 1934





# ANIMAL COMICS

10¢  
1974-75

